

## The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.  
Published Daily except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.  
RANPUL PULITZER, President, 53 Park Row.  
JAMES SHAW, Treasurer, 53 Park Row.  
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 53 Park Row.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.  
Subscription Rates: To the Evening World for the Continent and  
World for the United States and Canada. All Countries in the International  
Postal Union.  
One Year.....\$2.50 One Year.....\$4.75  
One Month......50 One Month......85  
VOLUME 53.....NO. 18,565

## WHAT WILL FOLKS SAY?

**T**HAT State Food Investigating Committee that promised to show us how to save \$50,000,000 a year is going to make good next month, so its counsel says.

From careful study of the way food that comes into this city is handled and toted around for the profit of people who don't eat it the committee concludes that of every dollar the consumer pays for provisions thirty cents goes to the producer, eight cents to the railroads and sixty-two cents to make a nice living for a lot of people who handle and distribute the stuff after it comes into the city.

"It is an anachronism for New York City to continue the present haphazard and archaic methods of distribution," declares the committee's counsel. It is. The committee is doing a big job for which the State pays only \$15,000. It is a good committee.

But—about saving that \$50,000,000? We are a little nervous. Can it be done without shame? What will the neighbors think? What will the servants and the tradesmen say? Isn't it a deliberate scheme to stop the waste of food or money or both? Will anybody respect us if we pay too nearly what the potatoes are worth and peel 'em too close to the skin?

## WHERE COMMANDMENTS SIGNIFY.

**T**HE Tokio police have ruled Magda off the stage. Sudermann's wayward heroine, who runs away from a puritanic home to become an actress and returns after twelve years of glorious freedom only to shock and outrage her father to the point of feeling it his duty to kill her, is well known in this country.

Why won't the Japanese have her? Listen to the Director of the Metropolitan Police Bureau of Tokio:

I may say I am foremost in desiring the healthy advance of literature. But however brilliant a work may be, it must be forbidden if what it contains is detrimental to the teachings of the Imperial Rescript on Education, which is the sole foundation of the national education. Now Magda, the heroine of the play, acts in disobedience to her mother. Such an example is certainly harmful to the Japanese idea of virtue, in which filial piety takes a very high place. The authorities concerned are determined to suppress all other works which are injurious to the Japanese teaching of loyalty and filial piety, which are the very foundation of the national morality of this country.

So Magda must be made to reform and become a good and faithful daughter before a Japanese audience can be allowed to see her. Such is the iron force of the immemorial Japanese ideal of devotion to parents and ancestors.

Curiously enough there is now running in London a play, which New York will see later, whose central idea exactly reverses the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother."

"Rutherford and Son" is the story of a stern, domineering iron-master whose children are forced to leave their father's house to escape his harsh ways. Then in solitude, threatened with the helplessness of old age, the man realizes his mistake—too late.

"Fathers and mothers, honor your children," one critic calls the gist of it.

All of which may remind us that one Kipling once wrote:  
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat.

## LEGS AND LEGS.

**A** READER of The Evening World, in a letter printed elsewhere, questions an assertion made recently in this column to the effect that "anybody can cross his legs in such a way that the hanging foot does not project an inch beyond a vertical line drawn from the toe of the foot resting on the floor."

We regret exceedingly for his sake that this has happened. The careful measurements and experiments upon which The Evening World based its statement about the swinging leg were made upon subjects approaching as nearly as possible the perfection of the human form. Persons too thin or too fat to be perfect will, of course, assume the position with corresponding degrees of ease or difficulty. Not wishing to make a distinction that might be felt in any quarter to be invidious, we were careful to read nobody out of the party.

Since our correspondent frankly proclaims himself too fat to do it at all, we can only sorrowfully hold it up to him as an ideal toward which to struggle. Meanwhile he is welcome to a front seat in our other category of the cross-legged who are polite enough to pull in the loose foot when we pass.

"To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse  
or delay right or justice."

MAGNA CHARTA  
Sealed  
June 19, 1912.

"An extraordinary day to Englishmen and to all  
nations descended from Englishmen."

## Letters From the People

Wants to Be Shown.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
This is not a criticism of the grammatical construction of your interesting editorial of to-day, but is simply an offer of \$100 cash to you if you will teach or show me how I can cross my legs so that the hanging foot does not project an inch beyond a vertical line drawn from the toe of the foot resting on the floor. If you can cause me to be so taught or so shown I think I can safely promise you several thousand other fat men who will trail along or even raise the ante.

The talk of which you speak is not a "needless stab at physical comfort," it is when the next?

is a javelin launched directly at the fat man, whom nobody loves.  
Your editorial page is the font of all wisdom and your taking up the cudgel for the poor, misused tax-payer, for instance, is mainly, courageous and soul-inspiring, but, as the hot summer days approach, do not, I beg of you, totally forget the fat man and teach me, I implore and pray, how "anybody can cross their knees" in the manner you so graphically describe.  
Yours, in sincerity and hope,  
F. T. L.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When was the last "leap year" and when is the next?

## The Summer Girl (3.—Moonlight, Youth and Opportunity.) By Eleanor Schorer



When two warm young hearts are under the June moon, if the chaperone should nod just for one tiny moment Cupid's dart strikes home.

## The Jarr Family



Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

"H"ERE'S a fine scrape you've got us into," howled Mr. Stryver. The automobile jammed into a tree, the chauffeur drunk and we in this lonely place twenty miles from town.  
"Why do you blame me for it?" cried Mrs. Stryver. "The man is your man, the car is your car. (Mrs. Stryver always spoke of it as her car when it was in running order), and this place is a temperance hotel."  
"That's what drove the man to drink!" exclaimed Mr. Stryver. "He tried to get something to eat here and in desperation he took to booze."  
"He drove himself to drink," sneered Mrs. Stryver. "He heard you talking like a ruffian and that encouraged him!"  
Mr. and Mrs. Jarr said nothing. They stood viewing the wreck of the Stryver automobile, and the driver, who had been pitched out of it as he was bringing it up to the La Paloma Inn piazza to take his employer and their guests home.  
"It's only a mile to the trolley, sir," said the waiter.  
"The trolley?" snorted Mr. Stryver. "Do you think I'm going home on the trolley? Telephone to the nearest garage for a machine."  
"The telephone's been cut out, sir," said the waiter, "but I'll go down to the main road and flag the first automobile; maybe some one will give you a lift if they're not too full."  
"I don't care how full they are, I'll chance it," snorted the irate Stryver.  
"Would you ride with a driver who isn't full who is full, or would you rather ride with a driver who is full that isn't full?" asked the waiter, as he took the oil lantern off the porch of the La Paloma Inn and started for the main road down the driveway.  
"Hold me, Jarr!" cried the exasperated Stryver. "I'll kill that waiter, and we'll all get to civilization in the police patrol!"  
"The man only means if you will take a loaded driver with an empty car or a sober driver with a loaded car," suggested Mr. Jarr.  
"I'll take anything, but first I'll take his life!" howled the raging Stryver. And he made a charge for the waiter. After holding up some six or seven automobile parties, who passed on in scorn after the waiter made his message known, the waiter appeared finally with a very dirty man driving a very dirty and clanking car. This person announced he would take the party back to the city for \$20.  
In vain Mr. Stryver, who supposedly had plenty of money, raged at this price. The dirty man with the dirty car was a Samaritan who was firm for his price. The Jarrs, who were poor, made no protest; besides they didn't expect to pay the bill.  
"Now please don't insult and swear at this man," said Mrs. Stryver aside to her husband as the party got into the dirty automobile. "He looks capable of running us into the ditch for spite!"  
"Well," said the driver, "come across!"  
"Come across what?" asked Mr. Stryver.  
"We'll do twenty spots," said the driver. "Me terms is cash in advance, in case of fire. Besides, this old boat is liable to break down any minute and I don't know how much gas I got in her either."  
"I will pay you when we get to town," said Mr. Stryver.  
"Nix on the bull con, be!" said the highwayman aside. "Besides, I got to slip old Kidney Feet, the waiter here, five bucks for his bit."  
"I will give you a check," said Mr. Stryver. "Don't you know who I am?"  
"Never met you before," said the obdurate hold-up man. "So I take no paper. Come over with the cash."  
"I'll give him the money," said Mr. Jarr, feeling in his fob pocket for a lonely twenty-dollar bill that represented a suit of clothes he was financing. "We can fix the matter up when we get back to town, Mr. Stryver."  
On this basis the party re-embarked, with Mr. Stryver leaving threats for his still overcome chauffeur and directions for the care of his machine till he could send for it.  
They reached town in due time, despite the forebodings of their present driver, and the Jarrs were let off at their door first.  
"You'll send Mr. Jarr a check in the morning?" asked Mrs. Stryver a little later.  
"What! After joy-riding all evening at my expense? I guess not!" was the capitalistic demagogue.

ing it up to the La Paloma Inn piazza to take his employer and their guests home.

"It's only a mile to the trolley, sir," said the waiter.  
"The trolley?" snorted Mr. Stryver. "Do you think I'm going home on the trolley? Telephone to the nearest garage for a machine."  
"The telephone's been cut out, sir," said the waiter, "but I'll go down to the main road and flag the first automobile; maybe some one will give you a lift if they're not too full."  
"I don't care how full they are, I'll chance it," snorted the irate Stryver.  
"Would you ride with a driver who isn't full who is full, or would you rather ride with a driver who is full that isn't full?" asked the waiter, as he took the oil lantern off the porch of the La Paloma Inn and started for the main road down the driveway.  
"Hold me, Jarr!" cried the exasperated Stryver. "I'll kill that waiter, and we'll all get to civilization in the police patrol!"  
"The man only means if you will take a loaded driver with an empty car or a sober driver with a loaded car," suggested Mr. Jarr.  
"I'll take anything, but first I'll take his life!" howled the raging Stryver. And he made a charge for the waiter. After holding up some six or seven automobile parties, who passed on in scorn after the waiter made his message known, the waiter appeared finally with a very dirty man driving a very dirty and clanking car. This person announced he would take the party back to the city for \$20.  
In vain Mr. Stryver, who supposedly had plenty of money, raged at this price. The dirty man with the dirty car was a Samaritan who was firm for his price. The Jarrs, who were poor, made no protest; besides they didn't expect to pay the bill.  
"Now please don't insult and swear at this man," said Mrs. Stryver aside to her husband as the party got into the dirty automobile. "He looks capable of running us into the ditch for spite!"  
"Well," said the driver, "come across!"  
"Come across what?" asked Mr. Stryver.  
"We'll do twenty spots," said the driver. "Me terms is cash in advance, in case of fire. Besides, this old boat is liable to break down any minute and I don't know how much gas I got in her either."  
"I will pay you when we get to town," said Mr. Stryver.  
"Nix on the bull con, be!" said the highwayman aside. "Besides, I got to slip old Kidney Feet, the waiter here, five bucks for his bit."  
"I will give you a check," said Mr. Stryver. "Don't you know who I am?"  
"Never met you before," said the obdurate hold-up man. "So I take no paper. Come over with the cash."  
"I'll give him the money," said Mr. Jarr, feeling in his fob pocket for a lonely twenty-dollar bill that represented a suit of clothes he was financing. "We can fix the matter up when we get back to town, Mr. Stryver."  
On this basis the party re-embarked, with Mr. Stryver leaving threats for his still overcome chauffeur and directions for the care of his machine till he could send for it.  
They reached town in due time, despite the forebodings of their present driver, and the Jarrs were let off at their door first.  
"You'll send Mr. Jarr a check in the morning?" asked Mrs. Stryver a little later.  
"What! After joy-riding all evening at my expense? I guess not!" was the capitalistic demagogue.

Most girls, nowadays, would give almost as much for a little genuine sentiment and a really convincing kiss as for a genuine "old master" and a really convincing novel.

Ever merely assumed a woman's privilege when she took the first bite of the apple, but if Adam had lived in these days of "sex-equality" it is doubtful if she would have had a chance to bite it at all.

Don't marry "for convenience." Sometimes a husband or wife turns out to be about the most inconvenient thing you could have around the house.

When a man ASKS a girl for a kiss she is unable to decide whether he is impertinent, stupid, or just lazy and unenterprising.

The trouble with matrimony is that the marriage laws are too loose at one end and too tight at the other; they don't make the least attempt to keep the wolf out of the stable, they merely lock him in.

It is easy enough to sit back and blame the new woman for her transformation from a dove to a screech owl. But there! Would you blame a canary which had been tossed out of its nice comfy cage for learning to shift and fight for itself and forgetting to sing its sweet songs?

Never marry a jester for the sake of having one on hand.

## The Jarrs Find Samaritans Are Quoted at Twenty Dollars Per.

mobile; maybe some one will give you a lift if they're not too full."  
"I don't care how full they are, I'll chance it," snorted the irate Stryver.  
"Would you ride with a driver who isn't full who is full, or would you rather ride with a driver who is full that isn't full?" asked the waiter, as he took the oil lantern off the porch of the La Paloma Inn and started for the main road down the driveway.  
"Hold me, Jarr!" cried the exasperated Stryver. "I'll kill that waiter, and we'll all get to civilization in the police patrol!"  
"The man only means if you will take a loaded driver with an empty car or a sober driver with a loaded car," suggested Mr. Jarr.  
"I'll take anything, but first I'll take his life!" howled the raging Stryver. And he made a charge for the waiter. After holding up some six or seven automobile parties, who passed on in scorn after the waiter made his message known, the waiter appeared finally with a very dirty man driving a very dirty and clanking car. This person announced he would take the party back to the city for \$20.  
In vain Mr. Stryver, who supposedly had plenty of money, raged at this price. The dirty man with the dirty car was a Samaritan who was firm for his price. The Jarrs, who were poor, made no protest; besides they didn't expect to pay the bill.  
"Now please don't insult and swear at this man," said Mrs. Stryver aside to her husband as the party got into the dirty automobile. "He looks capable of running us into the ditch for spite!"  
"Well," said the driver, "come across!"  
"Come across what?" asked Mr. Stryver.  
"We'll do twenty spots," said the driver. "Me terms is cash in advance, in case of fire. Besides, this old boat is liable to break down any minute and I don't know how much gas I got in her either."  
"I will pay you when we get to town," said Mr. Stryver.  
"Nix on the bull con, be!" said the highwayman aside. "Besides, I got to slip old Kidney Feet, the waiter here, five bucks for his bit."  
"I will give you a check," said Mr. Stryver. "Don't you know who I am?"  
"Never met you before," said the obdurate hold-up man. "So I take no paper. Come over with the cash."  
"I'll give him the money," said Mr. Jarr, feeling in his fob pocket for a lonely twenty-dollar bill that represented a suit of clothes he was financing. "We can fix the matter up when we get back to town, Mr. Stryver."  
On this basis the party re-embarked, with Mr. Stryver leaving threats for his still overcome chauffeur and directions for the care of his machine till he could send for it.  
They reached town in due time, despite the forebodings of their present driver, and the Jarrs were let off at their door first.  
"You'll send Mr. Jarr a check in the morning?" asked Mrs. Stryver a little later.  
"What! After joy-riding all evening at my expense? I guess not!" was the capitalistic demagogue.

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl.

BY HELEN ROWLAND  
Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)  
THERE, Little Girl, don't cry!  
They won't let you vote, I know.  
You may earn your bread, with your hands and head,  
And hoe your own little row;  
But, when it comes to the prizes, why,  
You're a "clinging vine"—So there! Don't cry!

Most girls, nowadays, would give almost as much for a little genuine sentiment and a really convincing kiss as for a genuine "old master" and a really convincing novel.

Ever merely assumed a woman's privilege when she took the first bite of the apple, but if Adam had lived in these days of "sex-equality" it is doubtful if she would have had a chance to bite it at all.

Don't marry "for convenience." Sometimes a husband or wife turns out to be about the most inconvenient thing you could have around the house.

When a man ASKS a girl for a kiss she is unable to decide whether he is impertinent, stupid, or just lazy and unenterprising.

The trouble with matrimony is that the marriage laws are too loose at one end and too tight at the other; they don't make the least attempt to keep the wolf out of the stable, they merely lock him in.

It is easy enough to sit back and blame the new woman for her transformation from a dove to a screech owl. But there! Would you blame a canary which had been tossed out of its nice comfy cage for learning to shift and fight for itself and forgetting to sing its sweet songs?

Never marry a jester for the sake of having one on hand.

## Women Heartbreakers Of History

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERNER  
ILLUSTRATED BY ELEANOR SCHORER  
Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World.)

**NO. 12—LUCREZIA BORGIA, a much married heartbreaker.**  
THIS is the story of a much married heartbreaker. In the matter of marriages she was scarcely second to Henry VIII. Some historians say she was the victim of circumstances. Some say she was a demon. For centuries she was looked on as one of the arch-poisoners and fiends of history. Modern discoveries seem to show she was merely a supremely fascinating woman who was not overburdened with conscience. She was Lucrezia Borgia.

At eleven, Lucrezia was betrothed to Don Cherubin de Centelles, a young Spanish nobleman. But the match was broken off. And while she was still a mere girl she was married to another Spanish noble, Don Gasparo de Procido. But as her father rose higher and higher in power in Italy, he decided that Procido was too obscure a husband for the daughter of so great a man. So he had the marriage annulled.

Her father wanted to ally his fortunes with those of the powerful Italian family of Sforza. So he next married Lucrezia to Giovanni Sforza, a youth who adored her. But her father soon found an even more powerful alliance with the King of Naples. The King was an enemy of the Sforzas. The marriage between Lucrezia and Giovanni Sforza now seemed a political mistake and her father set about to rectify it. Giovanni had no notion of being robbed of his beautiful wife. Still less did he care to be found stabbed or poisoned some morning, as was the fate of too many of the Borgias' enemies. So he fled secretly from Rome, taking Lucrezia with him.

The Borgias were all-powerful at Rome. But Giovanni had carried his wife and himself beyond the zone of their direct power. So Lucrezia's father tried another trick. He sent messages of love and forgiveness to the runaway; and later wrote to them that, as he was growing old, he wanted to have all his family around him at Christmas time. Giovanni seemed to have lacked brains. For, at Christmas, back he brought Lucrezia to Rome to see her father. And the Borgias promptly annulled the marriage, kept Lucrezia with them and sent Giovanni packing.

Lucrezia's wonderful beauty made her a splendid political asset to her family. Her father next used her for the purpose of cementing his alliance with the



King of Naples. And he married Lucrezia to the King's relative and protégé, Alfonso of Aragon. This time there was trouble. Alfonso and his parents did not care for the Borgias. They did not crave the unlucky fate that seemed to follow Lucrezia's several husbands. Alfonso is said to have daily refused to marry her. But her beauty and charm at last made him fling common prudence to the winds. He married Lucrezia in 1497, when she was seventeen and he was eighteen. Soon afterward the Borgias formed an alliance with the French King, who was the bitter foe of the King of Naples. And they planned to get rid of Alfonso. Realizing that his life was in grave danger, Alfonso fled from Rome. But his love for Lucrezia was stronger than his love of life. He came back to see her. And her brother Cesare hired a band of ruffians to murder him. Alfonso was killed at the very door of his wife's home; it is to be feared with his wife's knowledge and consent. For another marriage was already afoot. And another Alfonso—son of the Duke of Ferrara—was chosen as the newest husband. He and the Duke, his father, were horrified at the idea. They refused and did all they could to avoid so perilous a union. But the Borgias, by bribes and threats and by the aid of Lucrezia's beauty, at last overcame their objections.

Thus, in 1501, Lucrezia married Alfonso. She was barely twenty-one and had been married four times—something of a record, even in those days. A little later, Alfonso's father died and the son became Duke of Ferrara. By this time he, like all other men who met her, was completely under Lucrezia's spell. He was her adoring slave. And as the Borgias had no more advantageous match in view for Lucrezia her newest husband was graciously permitted to stay alive. The greatest men in all Europe—princes, statesmen, poets—flocked to the ducal court at Ferrara to do homage to the loveliness and charms of the young duchess. Fervent poetry was written by Ariosto and Bembo in praise of her. Men quarrelled, fought and killed each other for the hopes of her smile.

In 1519, writes a chronicler, "Lucrezia died, full of years and honors; worshipped as a queen by her subjects and praised as a goddess by the poets."

## The May Manton Fashions

BOYS find blouses such as this one among the most satisfactory of warm-weather garments. They can be worn with any preferred trousers and they are loose and comfortable, allowing perfect freedom of movement. The turned-over collar and soft rolled-over cuffs are fashionable and are unquestionably smart in effect, but the round collar is apt to be more comfortable and is equally correct. While the straight single cuffs can be used in place of the double ones. This blouse is made of linen, but boys wear blouses made from madras and percale and all materials of the kind, while for very hard play, flannel is often an excellent choice. There are only front and back portions, but the back can be made plain or with the applied yoke as liked. The patch pocket is arranged over the left front. The sleeves are the regulation sort with openings and over-laps. For the 8 year size 2 1/4 yards of material 27, 2 yards 30 or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 7485 is cut in sizes for boys from 4 to 12 years of age.



Pattern 7485, Boys' Blouse, 4 to 12 Years.  
Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, 10 West Thirty-second street (opposite Gimbel Bros.), corner Sixth avenue and Thirty-second street. Stamp for each pattern ordered.  
IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify also wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.